THE NATION

NOVEMBER 8, 1958 . . 25c

THE MATRIARCHAL MYTH

or

The Case of the Vanishing Male

by Eve Merriam

RED WIDOW'S MITE

Soviet Foreign-Aid Policy

by Peter Wiles

The Charles C. Sherrod Library
EAST TENNESSEE STATE COLLEGE
JOHNSON CITY, TENNESSEE

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LETTERS

[Herewith a sampling of letters indicating the extraordinary interest aroused by The Nation's *special 64-page issue of October 18, which was devoted exclusively to Fred J. Cook's "The FBI." For further evidence of the "shock" value of the issue, see back cover.—Ed.]*

"The FBI" and Reader Reaction

Dear Sirs: Warm congratulations for your special issue devoted exclusively to the FBI. No free society can safely make use of a national secret police without frequent and public examinations of its actual mode of operation. The FBI is no exception, and it has been examined too rarely. One cannot help sharing Justice Stone's misgivings about the FBI's uses of publicity or commend too highly to the FBI the quiet efficiency of Scotland Yard which Justice Stone preferred.

STRINGFELLOW BARR

Princeton, N. J.

Dear Sirs: Courageously patriotic Fred J. Cook, in his "The FBI," sounds an ancient warning: you cannot at the same time worship a Sacred Cow (or a Golden Calf) and live by the Ten Commandments (or maintain a democracy). J. Edgar Hoover's schizoid credo of saving democracy in words and violating its basic tenets in deeds, is always the prelude to the danger of a Fascist oligarchy.

MARK KEATS

Montebello, Calif.

Dears Sirs: Your special issue on the FBI should be required reading for every citizen. The article certainly is one of the most important published in the United States in recent years.

As Mr. Cook points out, it is not a simple matter to reach a conclusive verdict on the FBI. Despite its persistent tendency to hog the headlines, to the detriment frequently of other law-enforcement agencies, the FBI is efficient. It put police work on a much higher level, and its example served also to raise the standards of local police departments. For this, the largest share of the credit must go to J. Edgar Hoover.

But much of the responsibility for the dangers that so many thoughtful Americans now see in the ever-increasing power and influence of the FBI must also rest on Mr. Hoover. He has not been content to be the head of a nation-wide law-enforcement agency, but is determined to become, as his innumerable public statements make clear, the final judge of the political conduct of his fellow Americans.

The remedy for this is plain: Mr. Hoover should be forbidden to make public speeches on national policy or in reference, complimentary or otherwise, to any organization or individual. In short, he should be restricted to the performance of his official duties under the law.

PHIL KERBY
Editor, *Frontier*

Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sirs: Your FBI issue was tremendous. An outstanding and courageous job of reporting for which the country owes you and Mr. Cook a debt of gratitude.

AUBREY WILLIAMS
Editor, *Southern Farmer*

Montgomery, Ala.

Socialist's View

Dear Sirs: *The Nation's* versatile and ingenuous naïveté knows no bounds. *L'Affaire Minor* [see editorial, page 203, issue of October 11] is certainly the rule and should not astound *The Nation.* Those who believe in capitalism believe that capitalists can and should run the government as well as business.

The Nation's attitude toward the Dulles policy likewise is naive. The Dulles policy suits our crenelated capitalism. No other policy would be able to hold on to the Mideast and to off-shore China as well and as long as Dulles'. Again, this policy is designed to keep us in constant embroilment with Soviet Russia and China; in this, it is highly successful.

In criticizing Dulles and deploring the Minor incident we are criticizing capitalism. Such criticism can only be thoroughgoing when one assumes a frankly Socialist viewpoint.

EUGENE EAGLE, O.D.

San Francisco, Calif.

The Score's the Thing

Dear Sirs: As a friend who has sat in the grandstand in Omaha's Municipal Stadium with Ed Rousseau ("Who's on First: The Great American Ritual," *The Nation*, October 4) while he spilled Falstaff on the notes for his doctoral dissertation, "The Concept of Substance in the Angels," let me congratulate you for printing his wonderfully mundane consideration of baseball. Such perceptive epigrams as "The center of interest both in sports and in American life is a compulsive concern with what the score is" are as priceless as a subscription to your magazine. And the vision of a team of Musials playing a team of Durochers and Stankys keeps coming back like an old melody.

CHESTER G. ANDERSON
Director of Public Relations
Danbury State Teachers College

Danbury, Conn.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1958
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THE NATION

EDITORIALS

An Assist from Mr. Khrushchev

Washington

Not for the first time, the Soviet Union is rescuing the United States Government from a quandary.

This country and Britain proposed to Moscow a ban on nuclear test explosions for one year, thereafter renewable annually. Through its delegate at the United Nations, followed by communications to Washington and to London, the Soviet Union has brushed aside the offer as worthless. Valerian Zorin, Soviet Deputy Foreign Minister, told the U.N. Political Committee that a year is required just to analyze results of tests and to prepare a new series, so that a twelve-month stoppage "doesn't mean cessation of tests at all."

This is true. But is it wise therefore to throw down the Anglo-American offer? Wouldn't the Russians be more astute if they were to proffer a compromise, say a three-year discontinuance, subject to prolongation triennially? After all, in the past few years both the United States and the USSR have suggested two or three years as a suitable period for suspending nuclear explosions.

We strongly favor the permanent cessation of tests. But we believe that end could also be attained in installments. Once a temporary halt is agreed to, any power breaking the truce would bring down upon its head an avalanche of condemnation.

The blunder the Russians are committing by their rigid insistence on immediate stoppage of tests forever becomes apparent when light is shed on the interplay of forces within the Eisenhower Administration. The issue is all the more significant because of the U.S.-British-Soviet conference which opened last Friday in Geneva to discuss discontinuance of atomic and hydrogen experimental explosions.

Until quite recently, State Department officials emphasized, both publicly and privately, the United States' desire for halting the tests. In this they were squarely at odds with the Defense Department and Atomic Energy Commission. A couple of weeks ago, the State Department, in private, changed its tune, coming around entirely to the stand taken by the Joint Chiefs of Staff and the AEC. Now the department is accenting the need to improve and enlarge some fifty different types of atomic and hydrogen weapons—mostly tactical—being produced in the United States. To this end, it says, continued testing is essential.

All three branches of the Executive—State, Defense and AEC—agree that a one-year stoppage would be inconsequential. But State again finds itself at loggerheads with Defense and AEC in offering Russia a year-by-year prolongation of the test ban after the first twelve months' halt. The military brass, as usual backed by the civilian atomic-energy commissioners, are opposing anything more than a one-year pause.

So far the Administration has proved triumphantly right in calculating that the Russians would return an abrupt "No" to the offer of a temporary ban.

The Soviets tossed a life belt to floundering U. S. officialdom regarding another aspect of the same problem. Washington has long been aware that among the major obstacles to a test ban is the situation of Communist China. Every informed person knows that discontinuance of tests would be almost worthless unless the Chinese become partners in the arrangement (otherwise, China's territory could provide an area for resumption of Soviet tests, labeled as Chinese). Furthermore, the technicians' scheme for 180 monitoring posts, to be strewn around the globe to detect violations, would be ineffective unless it included several such observation stations on Chinese soil.

If the Soviets and the West were to agree on a test discontinuance, subject only to Red China's adherence, then the United States would undergo even greater pressure than now to clarify and normalize its relations with Peking. But Soviet intransigence has bailed out Mr. Dulles. Moscow's tactics have minimized internal

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dissension in the Administration and another ugly complexity in American-Chinese affairs can be by-passed once more.

With Thanksgiving just around the corner, we trust that our Secretary of State will have the good grace to send Mr. Khrushchev a seasonal message of gratitude.

More Honors for Pasternak

As we go to press, the latest act in the Moscow-Nobel melodrama is Boris Pasternak's announcement that he will not present himself in Stockholm to accept the prize in literature. Earlier episodes in the lively spectacle have been: the novelist's statement that he was "immensely thankful, touched, proud, astonished, abashed," on first receiving word of the honor; the Soviet *Literary Gazette's* official attack on the award as a "hostile political act"; the expulsion of Pasternak, termed a traitor, from the Soviet Writers Union and the rescinding of his title of Soviet Writer; the award of the Nobel Prize in Physics to three Soviet physicists; the organized expression of joy and satisfaction in the USSR that Russian science should be thus properly extolled.

This is a deliciously confused plot and it is possible to entertain the suspicion that Mr. Pasternak, who translates Shakespeare for a living, is deliberately tangling the web. What is the Kremlin to do now? Shall it send its scientists in triumph to receive their award from that gang of cold-war fanners in Stockholm who tried to pin a medal on the treacherous Pasternak? Shall it commend the novelist for having detected, however belatedly, the serpent in the Swedish garland? Or shall it now tell Pasternak to forget his new scruples and hitch onto the entourage of his nuclear colleagues? And if Pasternak makes the trip in order to spare the physicists any embarrassment, will the Writers Union continue to tell the public that a novel written by this honored citizen is too offensive for home distribution? Few dilemmas have sharper horns.

When we first suggested some months ago that Pasternak should receive the prize, we had not foreseen that this poet-scholar would be engaged in a one-man war of wits with the monoliths who rule his country. Pasternak has sent a book against the walls of Jericho and we now propose that he be awarded the Nobel Peace Prize.

Boredom and TV Politicking

Professional politicians are reported to be having some second thoughts about the efficacy of television in campaigning. Despite their reputation as hard-boiled realists, some of them were initially beguiled by the promise of a TV honeymoon between the candidate and the electorate. The fireside chat pioneered by FDR would be doubly effective, they thought, when sight was added to sound. Only it hasn't worked out that way. Every TV receiver has a station selector, and it can be used to tune the candidate out even faster than to tune him in. On his $65,000, October 22 speech from Chicago (CBS-TV), President Eisenhower began with an 11.8 audience score (New York Arbitron rating), which was bad enough; the 7.1 he ended up with was even worse. True, he was up against stiff entertainment competition, but then he's the President, and a popular President at that: if he can't draw a crowd, who in politics can?

There are various explanations, all of them speculative and most of them gloomy. Our own is that the voters aren't turning out electronically because of the character of the campaigning. They listened to FDR because he had something to say. They are less avid to listen to General Eisenhower calling the Democrats spendthrifts right after he has got us part way out of a recession by adding $11 billion to the armament budget. Yet such arguments were the very staple of political debate in the campaign now happily concluded. Even so, the campaign was on a relatively high level: as Frederic W. Collins puts it, the candidate usually has no higher objective than to prove to the people that he is a paragon of virtue and his opponent is a louse.

All this does not prove that Americans are congenitally bored by politics. Many no doubt are, and they will be tuned in on the quiz-program channels, Lucy and Desi or Tex and Jinx, anyway. These programs at least don't pretend to be what they are not. But a political program in which the issues are ignored and the time-worn devices of demagoguery are served up anew can hold neither the grownups nor the child-minds. It is perhaps too radical a suggestion to be entertained by the experts, but in the next campaign the money might be spent to better advantage by just talking horse sense to the voters.

Above and Below the Battle

In our recent special issue on the FBI (October 18), Fred J. Cook observed that J. Edgar Hoover never forgets effective criticism of himself or the agency he heads. Mr. Cook also pointed out that the director rarely retaliates in person; his usual practice is to adopt "a lofty pose above the battle" while giving "not-so-lofty encouragement" to those who do battle in his behalf. On both counts, Mr. Cook has proved to be a prophet. The other day (October 27), Preston J. Moore, National Commander of the American Legion, announced that "a deliberate smear campaign" had been launched against Mr. Hoover and the FBI. As evidence, he cited *The Nation's* special issue, some critical remarks in the current bulletin of the Emergency Civil Liberties Committee, and a report that the New York *Post* is preparing a series of articles about Mr. Hoover and the FBI that, according to an editorial in the *Post*, will treat Mr. Hoover "as if he were an ordinary mortal."

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It should be noted that Mr. Moore's pronunciamento was made *before* the first article in the *Post* series had appeared. The timing suggests that the Legion's National Commander intended to commit the prestige of his office and of the Legion to an attempt to dissuade the *Post* from proceeding with the series. We have no doubt that Mr. Moore's statement would have been released earlier had word gotten out in advance that *The Nation* was planning to devote a special issue to the FBI.

Among their other accomplishments, Mr. Hoover's propagandists are remarkable neologists. For is it not clear that they have succeeded in giving an entirely new meaning to the word "smear"? Following their usage, the word — when used as a verb — has come to mean "to write about" the FBI or Mr. Hoover with less than complete reverence. All comment that praises the agency or its director — and virtually all comment is adulatory — is to be regarded as truth emblazoned on tables of bronze; any other type of comment is a "smear."

A Welcome Change

Neither official nor semi-official Washington was surprised at the resignation of Secretary of Commerce Sinclair Weeks, which had been scheduled for not later than the end of the year. The surprise was in the appointment of Rear Admiral Lewis Strauss to succeed him. According to *Time*: "Wounded by the barbs of controversy, sensitive Lewis Strauss vowed never to accept another Government post once he stepped down as AEC chairman." Licking his wounds, Strauss first accepted a sort of AEC chairmanship-emeritus as Special Advisor to the President on Atomic Energy. From this still influential position he has now been shunted, presumably without a violent struggle, to one of the less prominent secretarial posts in the Cabinet. The timing of the switch is of some interest. A number of Washington correspondents have suggested that Vice President Nixon and GOP National Chairman Meade Alcorn decided that since Weeks was to go anyway, he might as well go now, while his proposals for a national sales tax in lieu of income taxes at the present levels were still fresh in the minds of voters already smarting under high prices and municipal and state sales taxes. This is not implausible; it may also be true that Admiral Strauss wished to change his image in the public eye as a megaton-bomb man to something more constructive. If so, the shift would seem to be both in the Admiral's moral interest — his friends, including *Time*, attest that he is devoutly religious — and in the national interest. That as AEC chairman he antagonized a large section of the fall-out conscious and anti-war public may have been inevitable: anyone with a strong-arm policy in the AEC would be bound to do so. But even among members of Congress and others who cannot possibly be accused of irresolution in the Cold War, he made enemies on the score of unnecessary and stultifying secrecy, devious maneuvers (as in the Dixon-Yates intrigue against the TVA) and an inflexible conviction that Strauss is always right. The less a personality of this type has to do with bombs, the better for the country. We wish the Admiral every happiness in an office where he can do little harm.

Why Wait?

Guinea, which won its independence by overwhelmingly rejecting the French constitution on September 28 — thus becoming the world's newest state — has yet to be recognized by France, Britain and the United States. Washington and London are waiting, out of courtesy, for Paris to make the first gesture of recognition. The French, Paris reports, are waiting to see how Guinea acts internationally, what her capacity is for acting as a sovereign state, and what tendencies the Government of Sekou Toure exhibits. No doubt all this boils down to the proposition that the French would like some assurance on the security of their considerable investments in Guinea before they grant diplomatic recognition. But in the meantime, thirty-six countries have recognized the new state, including the USSR and China. The United States, of course, will recognize Guinea in due time, but the delay that has already occurred has discounted the credit which we might have earned by prompt recognition. In diplomacy, too, time can be of the essence.

Advertising and Mental Illness

The very topic of "Advertising and Mental Illness" must surely seem at first glance like a sardonic joke. In reality, however, it was a serious topic whose implications came up rather often at the International Conference on the Insulin Treatment in Psychiatry, held recently in New York City. The conference discussed the current status of insulin-shock therapy for seriously ill mental patients (usually schizophrenics) by doctors throughout the world, and a number of distinguished doctors described new developments and new evaluations of the treatment. It was noted that insulin therapy, in the last few years, has been increasingly replaced by therapy with the new "miracle drugs" — especially in the United States. Some of the medical men at the conference contended that this was in part due to high-pressure advertising, and perhaps also to premature claims, by the miracle-drug manufacturers. Dr. Karl Bowman, Professor of Psychiatry Emeritus at the University of California School of Medicine and director of the Langley Porter Clinic, asserted that the shift in many U.S. hospitals from insulin therapy to the new wonder drugs was "in part due to the tremendous propaganda of the drug firms." Dr. William Sargant, Physician-in-Charge of the Department of Psychological

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Medicine at St. Thomas' Hospital, London, said: ". . . We must continue seeking for much of our information at the bedside, rather than in the statistician's office, or from the high-powered advertising of the drug houses, if we are not to be led too far astray."

The fact that important medical leaders such as those who met at the conference are concerned about the effects of advertising on therapeutics for the mentally ill raises some shocking and serious questions about the role played in medicine by both the advertising firms and the drug houses who employ them. Surely, the question of the relative merits of insulin *vs.* wonder-drug therapy ought to be decided by practicing physicians, and not by advertising copywriters.

THE MATRIARCHAL MYTH . . *by Eve Merriam*

THE MYTH of Big Momma is on the upswing. When Philip Wylie crusaded some years back for misogyny, a fair-sized opposition went into action. But now everybody's in his corner; you couldn't get up a skirmish if you wanted to. It would seem that Wylie's rantings weren't wrong: he was simply a bit prematurely anti-Mom. Today no one would be caught dead saying a kind word for anybody's mother. The image of Big, Bad, Bold Momma has become part of the American way of life.

Farewell to the little woman puttering about in her petunia garden. In her stead strides the all-American female, the Fiend in Human Flesh. She doesn't raise flowers — she eats them. Ordering our tastes, conditioning our entire culture, with money and mores in her grip she indoctrinates us all from prenatality to unhappy ever-after. We may free ourselves from the dictatorship of Big Brother, but not sister Sue.

There's no escape-hatch open; *The New York Times* editorial page notes women bartenders, women in board rooms—women, women everywhere. The Amazonian flood rolls on, and we are all inundated by this monstrous matriarchal force. *Après Ma, le deluge.*

As Big Momma thus brazenly ascends in the scale of things, so Big Daddy has come down. Belittled, bothered and bewildered, it is now his turn to play button, button, where's my emotional status? Harvard historian Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., ponders for *Esquire* "The Crisis in American Masculinity." (The editors, not content with this equivocal title, headline the article on the cover as "The Decay of American Manhood.") The staff of *Look* has already done a three-part running jump on "The American Male: Why do women dominate him? Does he like petticoat rule or has it been forced on him by the stronger sex?" He is exposed as shrunken, whittled down, trophy for a charm bracelet, and if you care to, you can have the whole *Schrechlichkeit* bound between hard boards for $2.95 from Random House.

ALL around us Big Momma swings high on the rope-pull while the bells toll for the passing of our national manhood. Russell Lynes moans that the once-authoritative father has been reduced to "part man, part-time mother and part-time maid. He is the chief cook and bottle washer; the chauffeur, the gardener and the houseboy; the maid and the laundress and the charwoman." He must also, according to David Riesman, worry about his sex potency now that "Millions of women have become pioneers, with men, on the frontier of sex. As they become knowing consumers, the anxiety of men lest they fail to satisfy women also grows."

Can we keep the last lusty Tarzan of the tree-tops from turning into Stuart, the servile suburban hedge-trimmer? Or has the ultimate saltpeter been slipped into Mr. Murphy's chowder? We can well understand why an array of publications has sprouted with healthy Anglo-Saxon titles such as *Male* and *Stag*. They are needed to bolster up Hemingwaysmanship. Save our whooping cranes and daddies. It's a gallant but vain attempt to keep mankind from becoming totally extinct. Too little, however, and too late, since that other sex has definitely done us in. No wonder our Chief Executive, when queried by a woman reporter about the Equal Rights amendment, can only smile ruefully and remark, "As a mere man, how can I presume to offer an opinion?" Alas, poor Mr. Mamie.

A whole battery of anthropologists, sociologists and expert fact-finders assures us that the Myth of Big Momma is honest-to-gospel, and they've got the appropriate interpersonal quotations to prove that women have taken us over economically, socially, culturally, relatively and absolutely. French writer Ameury de Riencourt lectures to large audiences who listen attentively while he tells them: "Man has become a member of an oppressed minority. Preconditioned to female dominance by his own mother, he is a volunteer for slavery." De Riencourt sees one glimmer of hope on the distant horizon: while it is far too late for the American woman to save her mate from matriarchal dominance, perhaps she can save her sons by helping them to "see womanhood in its right perspective." British observer Eric Dingwall sees no such hope at all — thereby getting his book reissued in a wide-selling paperback edition. At the annual conference of the Child Study Association, educators and psychiatrists fear that men may become at last no more than "mother's little help-

EVE MERRIAM's latest work is a book of poetry, The Double Bed. *She is now working on a study of prevailing myths about the sexes.*

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ers." The worst is happening, but worse is yet in store as geneticist Hermann J. Muller predicts a future civilization with sperm banks in the deep freeze. It won't be necessary to have a man around the atom-bomb shelter for anything.

Backed by such imposing authorities, the myth gathers momentum. Big Momma becomes packageable, swift-selling merchandise. No longer confined to the sophisticated magazines are Thurber-like cartoons showing the female as a slovenly behemoth. Such drawings are reproduced on ceramic ash trays, pen-and-pencil sets, trays, bowls, tiles, plaques to hang on the wall. What was once a somewhat cynical and dry Martini view is now a cheery-beery, middle-class household maxim.

IS THERE ANY fire to all this smoke about Big Momma, or is it just plain smog?

It is true that women have been continuing their advance in many fields. The tempo, however, is less than lightning. Recently one woman justice was appointed to the New York State Supreme Court; there are a few women U.N. delegates, a score of bank managers, thousands of technicians and engineers. More than half of all married women are going outside the home to work, a good many of them at part-time or seasonal jobs; the trend away from total housewifery appears irreversible. Women are less dependent than they used to be. But while the number of their positive gains is on the increase, taken all together they do not yet confer a *legitimate* status, let alone a dominant one. To claim that women today are a major force is as foolish as supposing that a victorious bus boycott in Montgomery means that the Negro has achieved first-class citizenship.

The myth-makers nonetheless would have it that our entire national economy is at the woman's mercy. Buttressed by statistics, they point out that solid property and portable assets are concentrated in her hands to an alarming degree. Higher and higher balloon the statistics of what women own. Latest reports show that 80 per cent of our national wealth is in feminine hands.

Even if this *were* so, why should the statistic be dismaying? But, of course, it is not so. Some widows inherit fortunes, and much property is nominally owned by wives to beat the income-tax. But, honestly, does anybody feel that Helena Rubenstein's or Lily Dache's empires are a threat to the houses of Rockefeller, Morgan or du Pont?

The case for Big Momma flouts reality full in the face, like a good substantial myth should, and her matriarchal image (as a sort of combination giant slicing machine, loud-speaker and wringer) keeps coming at us. So pervasive is it that even an anti-mythman like Schlesinger states in all seriousness that the American woman "takes over more and more of the big decisions, controlling them indirectly when she cannot do so directly."

The truth is that far from being dictating tycoons, or the power behind the arras, most females continue to take it all down on their shorthand pads with a snappy Yes-sir. It is obvious that where American womanpower still earns only 63

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per cent as much as manpower; where their human skills are expended for the most part in clerical, minor assembly-line and domestic work; and where sex prejudice is still one of the cornerstones of our social structure (you have only to compare the status of any extra woman at a party with that of any extra man) — Big Momma is not a factor, she's a fraud. Furthermore, no amount of full-fledged Moms would be capable of mopping up two thousand years and more of patriarchal rule. But it makes for a pleasantly haunting specter: the kind you can afford to fear, because it's only make-believe — unlike the uncertainties of the real world, where fallout is not a made-up plot gimmick.

SO THE fairy tale of Big Momma as the menace-that's-the-most proceeds; as the wicked witch, she gets cloaked with all kinds of marvelous powers. Not only does she have money power at her command, but an even more magical power is hers: buying power. Ultimately everything comes to the consumer, and—bull's eye!—*she* is the highest consumer of us all. For lo, does she not rule over our patterns of buying in everything from which thickness of steak for Rover to which dog-biscuit for daddy? Mrs. America is the queen in this land of brands; hail to the queen not just for a day but forever and ever and foreverness, just as sure as little olives are put into jars and labeled Colossal. Is it not she who decides whether it should be detergent or soap powder? Ammoniated toothpaste or plain? Roll-on deodorant or spray? The sample surveys wait breathlessly for her decisions—which don't matter in the slightest, since the same Procter and Gamble makes them all. If proof were required of the powerlessness of woman's influence as a consumer, consider the results of *McCall's* brouhaha for Better Living held in Washington. Unanimously, the women asked designers for ovens at stand-up level so they wouldn't have to go on stooping down to the floor every time they had to baste a roast. A sensible request, but it is more profitable for the stove manufacturers to go on making the old style, so thank you very much ladies and do call again.

The myth-makers remain undaunted. There's always another layer to peel off this womanpower onion. Big Momma is not merely the nation's Number One public force, she's our private powerhouse as well. The family is the pivot of society, is it not? The myth perks up to consider Big Momma's influence in every aspect of daily living. She decides which house to buy in which neighborhood; she chooses the family clothes, food, furniture; even the male's choice of ties, socks, suits, underwear, pajamas, has to be from the wardrobe she's pre-selected.

Now this last is strictly a wily appeal to manufacturers of men's wear to place more advertising in the segregated women's magazines. More men purchase their own clothing than not; the manufacturers know it and stay in their own bailiwick. By and large, however, it is true that the family finances are hers to apportion; she is in a position to carve up the weekly budget as she sees fit. But this no more gives the myth validity than a nickel gets you a subway ride. The joker is that Big Momma's free choices are completely circumscribed by the family income. She might like the family to vacation on the Riviera; papa's pay check says Coney Island.

This does not cause the builders of Big Momma to worry that they have a defective rocket. They simply address themselves to another part of the dream forest. A myth is many womanpowers, and we move on to presence-power. By just being there, she rules the children, the home and the school system. Her empire is monolithic and unchallengeable as she reigns supreme over the impressionable years. The force of her presence is such that when Junior grows up he will never, but never, be able to unravel the knots in the silver cord. We can see for ourselves that this is the case every time we pick up a magazine, go to the movies or watch a television program. Father and/or son are constantly being victimized by mother's praying-mantis tactics. Hideously grasping, gloating, she reduces whatever is male to the most minuscule level. (Science-fiction sagas are on the wane. Anybody's mother can inspire the same feelings of nervous fright and menacing purple disaster.) Playwrights and novelists, less hampered than the mass media in their choice of language and situation, not only describe how American women crush the spirit out of the male's vital juices, but drive them to homosexuality and other Kinsey categories.

WHAT ABOUT this fateful control over our junior executives-in-the-making? Of course mothers exert an influence, but it is scarcely a monopolistic one. It would have to be a Big Momma indeed who could hold her own against some of the other forces shaping our youth today. Mothers can try forbidding comic books, the singing of Kool-Aid commercials, and the viewing of too-wild Westerns. I said they can *try*.

But Big Momma, we are told, is not only the dominant influence on the child's home life; she also runs the schools. Now I would not be so foolish as to deny that Parent-Teacher Associations list heavily to the distaff side. Unfortunately, their controlling influence does not extend to the Board of Estimate, where appropriations for education are voted.

Still the myth continues to be expounded. Womanpower has not only taken us over in every other way—it has even got us over the barrel physically. Don't statistics prove that women are healthier than men —and live 10 per cent longer? If the finger on the push-button bomb control should get trigger-happy, the question of living longer becomes academic. As for her health, the arguments are always trotted out that only one-fifth as many women commit suicide as compared to men; there are fewer women alcoholics; they are less subject to heart attack, ulcers and other ailments. If it's any consolation in the battle to stem the feminine tide, alcoholism among women is on the rise, and so are ulcers. Nervous breakdowns are increasing, too, and if the cigarette-to-cancer link is proven, then that may open up new democratic vistas, since women are smoking more than ever; and perhaps we could get up a spe-

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cial Freedom Fighting Fund to encourage mothers to become despondent and abandon their families.

BUT SURELY we should be able to find *something* to confirm the existence of Big Momma? Finally, by coming back to the men, we seem to have it. Today's men do tend to be meeker than they once were. On the whole, they are pretty passive specimens.

The responsibility must be placed somewhere for this loss of self-respect —and there's no more convenient doorstep to leave it on than Big Momma's. Just as Dr. Pangloss understood so well that noses were made for the purpose of holding spectacles, so a proper understanding of Big Momma leads to the conclusion that she is responsible for most of the ills that Organization Man is prone to. *She's* dominated him so that he's lost his natural gumption and guts. Why, he could very well be vice president of the company right this minute, but what with having to help dry the dishes and carry out the garbage for her, he's surrendered his manliness.

Is it so? Has this mutation of the male really taken place because lady lion-tamers have been standing over them with high heels digging into their groins? I think not. I think that this pretended relationship between the sexes is merely a side-show of the main bout. And the main bout shapes up in this form: Man Meets Job. Man Wants To Hold Onto Job. How Can He?

I think that is the heart of the matter, heartless as it may be. Within the framework of our contemporary capitalist system, most men can hold their jobs best by surrendering the qualities customarily considered male. The old, openly aggressive, so-called masculine climb to success no longer pays off. The robber barons, the Big Jim Bradys, are no more. Gone the innocent flashing knives and brass knuckles. We have the silent wire tapping and the subliminal sapping of the nerve-centers. The fight is fixed so that nobody refers to it as fighting. It's in-groupness. The art of getting ahead is to look as if you are standing still. Play it contained, smooth as flannel, cool as a circle signifying cipher. It is no accident that gray is the favorite shading for men's wear; it blends so readily into the neutral atmosphere. Everything positive is accomplished in terms of negatives. You can become branch manager by not sticking your neck out. You can make it to the vice presidency of the corporation by not contradicting and by not being too egghead grammatical. The man who knows says nothing controversial. The man who is serious about getting ahead cultivates a well-blended personality: colorless, tasteless, smell-less, feeling-less. Since he dare not say what he thinks, he might as well give up the practice of any mental exercise whatever. In short, the formula for the male today is to learn to be a good, old-fashioned wife. And if you lose your male pride in the process, well, was it so essential to retain? After all, it's not like losing a wallet.

For if you accept the standards of the society, you have to behave as a law-abiding citizen. You daren't live in sin; you've got to marry the corporation. Promise to love, honor and obey and then follow through. Say: yes, dear . . . coming, sweetheart . . . exactly my opinions in the matter, J.B., you've expressed it far better than I could ever hope to myself. . . . Isn't it cozy, the corporation and I have so much in common, we never quarrel, we like the same people, the same four-color ads. . . . Whither thou goest, I go, to the branch office in Des Moines or Delaware. . . . Wherever you say, dear, it's all the same to me. . . .

One out of six American families pulled up stakes and moved last year —not because of the whim of Big Momma who got bored with the old neighborhood, but because the company said go man go.

So many men have become acquiescent, compliant, as the job with the most security and the safest income-tax bracket beckons. The job demands all the qualities traditionally associated with women: subservience, unquestioning loyalty, a dependence based on fear, the subduing of one's own personality to another's. The good, old-fashioned woman does not stand out in a crowd or make herself conspicuous by dissenting; when she takes on her husband's name, she literally becomes Mrs. John Dough. As why should she not? If she wants to, or needs to be, supported by him, she must remain subordinate and cater to his master position. Hence the good man married to the corporation, the science foundation, the university, whatever locale punches out his pay check. The emasculation of men has not been caused by women. It is a social, not a sexual affair. The winning mystery word is not Momism but capitalism.

HOWEVER, it is far too unsettling to criticize the real power structure that exists. Besides, everybody knows that there is no form of society possible other than the private-profit system, so what's a man to do? When he's got the beat, baffled, run-down and worrying maybe-I'll-be-out-of-a-job-next-month blues, he's got to blame somebody for the spot he's in, and there is nothing like a dame. For it can't be free enterprise that's made the failure. Well, we can stop looking so glum; we don't have to face reality yet—here's the myth of Big Momma come along to turn all our solid worries into bubbles. And who in his heart of hearts does not bear some sensible grudge against mother? Man, if you don't hate your old lady you're a square, you're not with it, Daddyo. Let's get with it; let's get this handy form of Miltown that can tranquilize both the sexes and keep them contented in their properly down-under places.

Mrs. Mister likes to read all those pieces telling her how big and bad and powerful she is. Wouldn't you like to feel more important than you are? And Mr. Mister likes the picture, too; it gives him something safe to sound off about. Practically every other topic of conversation is still on the Attorney General's subversive list anyway.

So the myth goes on making money, which is the proper function for any art form in our society. Onward and upward with the matriarchal menace-that's-the-most in a serene world where there are no bosses to be mad at, there are no classes any more, but only Big Mommies and little daddies.

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THE RED WIDOW'S MITE . . by Peter Wiles

Oxford, England

THE WEST is badly frightened by Communist foreign aid, yet almost no one knows how big it is. Let Khrushchev announce a $100 million loan to the United Arab Republic for the Aswan Dam, and many Western circles react with panic. Yet Khrushchev's generosity is more apparent than real. What Nasser is getting is a loan, not a grant or gift; and the amount, all things considered, is trifling.

Now no doubt it is expedient that we should be scared of the Communists—we run faster scared, and complacency has cost us very dear in the past. In particular it is necessary to scare our legislative bodies, who will only cough up a dollar if they are persuaded that the other side has offered at least fifty cents. On the other hand, our exaggerations of Communist aid make singularly bad propaganda in uncommitted countries. When we set off the disaffected sheikh against the galvanized Senator, we may well prefer on balance to reveal the truth.

Of course the magnitude of Communist foreign aid is not the only thing. If I seem in what follows to insist upon it, it is because it is neglected and misunderstood. The mere existence of such aid is important. It can be promised in many places and marched, like Fred Carno's army, many times across the stage. If it is small, after all its givers are much poorer than we, and thereby justly acquire merit in the eyes of all fair-minded men: theirs is nonetheless a great sacrifice. Above all, the Communists can rival us in particular countries by dint of simply neglecting the others. They cannot, of course, outbid us unless we permit them. It is by *our* choice that they overtopped us so early in Afghanistan, and utterly eclipse us in the United Arab Republic. As the stronger players, we can always beat them at their own game, spending a dollar for a ruble all along the line. It would certainly be very foolish of us to do so, but it is still more foolish to point to particular countries which get more Communist than Western aid and say, "Look, we are being beaten!"

To revert to questions of mere magnitude, the concepts commonly used in this field are extremely misleading. First, promises of aid are not actual deliveries. A promise to deliver so much over ten years always looks big; the question is how much actually is delivered every year. The adding up of promises spread over differing periods is an utterly meaningless procedure. Recent State Department and British Foreign Office estimates at last make it possible to compare actual annual deliveries of aid: without them this article would not have been written.

Secondly, loans are not grants, and it is the height of statistical dishonesty to present them in one column. It is truly amazing to see this gross error being committed in the best statistical sources. The gift of a dollar is, of course, many times as valuable to the recipient as the loan of a dollar, and many times as costly to the provider. Moreover, this blindingly obvious point militates very greatly indeed in favor of the West, since most Western aid is grants and nearly all Communist aid is loans. Thirdly, there is no substantial difference between a private and a public loan, and — especially when Socialist and capitalist countries are being compared — it is essential to include both. If "foreign aid" can mean two such extremely different things as a United States outright gift and a Soviet loan at 1 per cent, it must certainly include the Soviet loan's first cousin, a Swiss loan at 6 per cent.

FINALLY, the International Bank and the International Monetary Fund operate exclusively on "Western" money, and therefore their transactions with underdeveloped countries (only) must be included on the Western side. So must, on the other hand, these countries' accumulations of short-term balances in major financial centers: it is too little appreciated that the underdeveloped countries are, in this way, considerable *lenders* to the developed Western countries. Their net accumulations of short-term balances must, then, be deducted from Western loans.

So much by way of introduction. The next four paragraphs contain qualifications of merely technical interest, albeit they are very important. If the reader vows never actually to quote or memorize the figures in the table appearing on the next page, he may skip these paragraphs and proceed directly to it.

The concepts used in the table seem to be the best, but they are very tricky. Thus:

1. "Public" means excluding private loans, the direct investment of international companies, emigrants' remittances, etc.

2. "Gross" means excluding interest and amortization paid back on old loans. Such sums might be spent on any purpose whatever, and have no connection with a leading country's current aid effort. Original new loans passing the other way, however, are deducted to obtain the "gross" figure.

3. "Economic and military" are taken together because it is impossible to say whether "infra-structure" works are "economic" or "military." The latter word often means only weapons, or "military end-products." Accepting each country's own definition of the word, the following percentages of aid were military: U.S.A. 93; France 7; U.K. 19; other free Europe 5; USSR and European satellites (excluding aid to China) 73 (State Department's definition).

4. "China" means of course mainland China. Formosa is included with the rest of the world. So also is Yugoslavia. Outer Mongolia, North Vietnam and North Korea are excluded from the table.

5. The "dependent and underdeveloped countries" receiving foreign aid are all countries not listed as donors or excepted in (4) above. This has the rather absurd result of making, say, Bulgaria a donor while its wealthier neighbor, Yugoslavia, and the much wealthier Argentina are re-

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cipients. But rich or poor it is these two blocs that the world considers as competitive donors, and the rest are thought of as potential recipients. Such are the politics of the matter.

Two further traps await the reader. A great deal of aid goes on between countries within each bloc, and this has been omitted. Thus total foreign-aid figures for the United States are $5,075 million; for the United Kingdom, $266 million; for France, $606 million. But this "internal" aid largely determines the exact point at which aid to underdeveloped countries emerges from a given bloc. Thus France is in large part a staging-post whereby dollar aid percolates to her empire, and the Soviet figures would be smaller if the satellites had not (until October, 1956) been exploited by her. With fairer trading conditions, the satellites would doubtless have been credited with more foreign aid and the USSR with less.

The use of official exchange rates

GROSS FOREIGN AID OF EVERY KIND TO DEPENDENT AND UNDERDEVELOPED COUNTRIES

(In $ millions: all data very approximate)

Period	Donor	Public Grants		Long-Term Public Loans	Long-term Private Loans and Direct Investment of Firms	Short-term Loans (net)
		Direct	*Via UN Agencies*			
1955	U.S.A.	838[14]	75[6], [14]	72[14]	917[1]	minus 523[9], [13]
1955	France	230[14]	3[6], [14]	341[14]	——— minus	286[2] ———
1955	U.K.	123[14]	16[6], [14]	101[14]	140[3]	minus 165[18], [13]
1955	Other Free Europe	22[14]	12[6], [14]	11[14]	100[4]	?
Average 1951-5	Australia New Zealand, Canada	39[14]	8[6], [14]	0[14]	0[7]	?
July '54-June '55	I.B.R.D.	0	0	206[5]	0	0
	I.M.F.	0	0	0	0	minus 116[11]
July '56-June '57	U.S.S.R.	0	1.0[12]	250[15]	0[8]	?
	European Satellites	0	0.4[12]	100[15]	0	?

[1]U.N. EcoSoc, "Financing of Economic Development: The International Flow of Private Capital, 1956" (E/3021 of June 1, 1957), Table 3.

[2]In 1956 Morocco experienced a net outflow of 50 billion francs (EcoSoc, op. cit.). I have therefore guessed 100 billion francs for the previous year for the whole French Union. There are no figures for the repatriation of Metropolitan French assets from the Union, but it is agreed it greatly outweighs new private investment.

[3]£45 million to dependent territories alone (EcoSoc, op. cit.). Rounded upwards.

[4]Identifiable amounts: 2,270 million Belgian francs to the Congo, 42 million Swiss francs to Peru and South Africa, 94 million German marks to Brazil and Argentina; all mostly in new stock-exchange issues. I.e., $79.4 million identified; rounded upwards. Source: EcoSoc. op. cit.

[5]I.B.R.D. loans to countries outside Europe and Australasia (10th Annual Report, Appx. 1).

[6]Average, 1952-1955.

[7]Only identifiable item: loan of $15 million (Canadian) to I.B.R.D. (I.B.R.D., 10th Annual Report, p. 9). This is the only loan floated by I.B.R.D. in 1955. It is omitted as its inclusion would be double counting. See text.

[8]As there were few mixed companies left in this period in China and none in Iran it is assumed that the direct investment, or rather disinvestment, of Soviet enterprises in underdeveloped countries was zero.

[9]Federal Reserve Bulletin, International Capital Transactions of the U.S. (monthly table).

[10]H.M.S.O., Cmnd. 273 of Oct. 1957, p. 14, refers to U.K. colonies only.

[11]"Exchange Transactions" of IMF with relevant countries, in International Financial Statistics (monthly table).

[12]Calendar year 1957. Information from U.N. by telephone.

[13]It is assumed that U.S.A. and U.K. built up no short-term accumulations in the underdeveloped countries: doubtless a rather severe assumption when we consider the oil companies' need for working balances.

[14]Report of the Special Committee to Study the Foreign Aid Program. U.S. Govt. Printing Office, 1957, pp. 832, 1071, 1089, 1093.

[15]Plus $20 million to China. Bloc total of $350 outside China derived from a State Dept. estimate (*New York Times* Business Section, Apr. 6, 1958). Subdivision into USSR and satellites from a Foreign Office estimate, which however gives a lower total. Chinese totals from Chinese budget speeches. I have taken the official rate of evchange: 1 yuan = $1.25.

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in the case of the pound and the French franc doubtless understates the dollar value of the aid rendered, but the domestic purchasing power parity rates are equally irrelevant, so the figures have been left untouched. The Communist figures, derived from the recipient countries, present no exchange-rate problem.

With all these warnings constantly in mind, the reader may now use the table. The date for the "West" is 1955; a matter purely of statistical convenience, since the U.S. Congress compilation of so many of the relevant figures refers to that year. The layman must forgive the immense *apparatus criticus*: it is not there simply to lend tone to this article but because these figures have not to my knowledge been assembled before and — who knows? — some Sovietological colleague may wish to use or, more likely, challenge them. I am grateful to the editor for allowing his journal to be disfigured, so to speak, in this way.

THE TABLE may be summarized as follows:

	Grants	*Loans*
The "West" and its intermediary organizations	1350	800
The USSR and its satellites	1	370

An impressive paper victory for "capitalism." Yet it can hardly be doubted that the rate of Communist expenditure will go up very considerably from this modest beginning, unless there is a reversal of policy; for our figures cover only the first twelve months of serious Communist foreign aid, and the pipeline cannot yet have been by any means full. All the same, it would be extremely surprising if grants were to be multiplied a thousandfold!

The table conceals one amusing fact: China herself *gave* $56 million to certain underdeveloped non-Communist countries in the period July '56-June '57. By any acceptable conversion ratio, then, between loans and gifts, China did more in this year for other underdeveloped countries than the USSR, and rendered much more aid than she received. There is in fact a very considerable Chinese trade-and-aid offensive, from Outer Mongolia to the Yemen, with which this article does not deal. Equally important, Communist aid to China was immense until 1956 ($663 million in 1955). At the beginning of 1956, it petered out. About this very important event far too little is known, but it looks as if the decision was Chinese and taken on economic grounds. Certainly this is the implication of Mr. Tsou Szu-ye's bland little article on "A Balanced Foreign Trade" in *China Reconstructs* for September, 1956: China feels that loans threaten her independence. All we can say here is that if we compare 1955 with 1956-57, the aid rendered to *all* underdeveloped countries by European communism has dropped by 45 per cent.

It is fair to state that Communist loans are at much lower rates of interest (mostly 2½ per cent) than "Western" ones. On the other hand, loans must be repaid quickly, actual physical deliveries of goods are much more uncertain, and the borrower must normally reply by deliveries of stipulated commodities. In years of American recession, this latter is an advantage as the commodities have low prices, and this is one out of very many reasons why American recessions are a crime against human freedom. But in the long run, and in years of American boom, a borrower prefers to repay in money, and finds it very awkward to be tied to a commodity.

IT MAY WELL be concluded that trade, not aid, is the Communists' principal weapon. Thus in 1957 Communist trade with the rest of the world rose by 15 per cent over 1956; but with the Middle East in particular it rose by 58 per cent — and with Latin America it fell by 25 per cent. This is an imposing switch, and more important than the aid. Soviet aid deliveries to all countries in 1956-57 were only 8 per cent of Soviet exports (the corresponding U.S. figure being 30 per cent). Trade, then, is the major weapon, and Communist economies have many possibilities of switching it and adapting it to political circumstances not open to the decentralized economies of the West. However, that is another large topic, and a better known one.

One matter, part amusing and part tragic, is well worth elaborating. It is too often forgotten that until 1953, the Soviet Union itself was a stupendous, and from 1953 to 1956 a very big, recipient of foreign aid. Forget Lend-Lease and UNRRA — they were but normal and thoroughly merited support to an ally. Start in 1947: reparations were still running at phenomenal rates, mixed companies were draining goods at ridiculous prices to the USSR from the satellites (those that had fought with Germany), and the terms of ordinary trade were twisted in her favor both by top-level planners and by junior executives. No full record of this can, of course, be given. But as late as 1950, it is reckoned that East Germany was still paying one-quarter of her national income in reparations. This will be about 2.5 per cent of the Soviet national income — an immense sum, probably unsurpassed in the long annals of foreign tribute — and all gifts not loans! Or take the cheap Polish coal deliveries that went on until October, 1956. They implied Polish aid of about $100 million a year: insignificant beside the East German reparations, yet again a gift not a loan, so many times the value of all the foreign aid the Soviet Union hands out.

Of course, these things are reversed now. It is the Soviet Union that aids Poland (loans not gifts, however!), and still more Hungary (some of this aid *has* been gifts). The mixed companies have nearly all been abolished, and there seems to be very genuine trading equality between the USSR and her Communist partners. Moreover, if we except her behavior to Yugoslavia, the Soviet Union seems to be no more blatantly political in the direction of her aid than the United States. Her technical representatives, for instance, seem to interfere less in local political life than capitalist oil companies, and if she offers the Russian language and a technical education in Russia for native employees, this is a game the capitalist-imperialist powers have been playing for a very long time. One

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difference there does seem to be: Communist aid-merchants are much less scrupulous in advising underdeveloped countries and criticizing their programs. Any crackpot scheme will be accepted if it is dear to the hearts of the local rulers, whereas the West shows a truer sense of responsibility for the country concerned and tries to discourage waste and excessive ambition.

Fair is fair, then, and we have nothing much to complain about. What if Polish aid to the USSR was greater than all Soviet bloc aid now is to the underdeveloped world? What if their ultimate intention does remain world conquest? There is nothing we could or should do to hinder Communist aid. It helps to relieve human need, and in the long run it will probably have no political effect at all — as the Middle East, and above all Syria, demonstrate. For what happened in Syria when Communist advances got too fast and furious? The country handed itself over to Nasser, communism's most effective enemy, who suppressed the Communist Party.

But it is no part of my commission to prove *that* point, should any still be blind to it.

Congress Abdicates on Foreign Policy . . *Neal A. Maxwell*

THE Formosa Resolution of 1955 "does not provide backing for the policy which the President is following" in the Quemoy-Matsu crisis.

"We should pay more attention to the views of the private American citizens and less to the so-called experts."

"We need more staff, particularly at the subcommittee level where it is practically non-existent."

"There should be more frequent high-level informal conferences between the committee and the State Department."

"Our system of Congressional government is primarily designed to cope with domestic affairs, not with foreign affairs. Whether or not it can develop techniques adequate to the demands remains to be seen."

"Whatever may be our individual judgment, our troops have landed in Lebanon; our flag is there; and we must support the President."

These statements by Senate Foreign Relations Committee members Theodore Francis Green, William Langer, Hubert H. Humphrey, Mike Mansfield, John J. Sparkman, J. W. Fulbright and their colleagues, made in a context of Lebanon landings and ominous rumblings from Quemoy-Matsu, typify the fears and frustrations which both the committee and the Senate are experiencing. They represent problems within the larger problem: In an age when crises come in clusters, is there any real role in foreign policy for the committee or Congress? Or are the "advice and consent" and "power to declare war" features of the Constitution mere anachronisms?

In theory Congress, and more particularly the Senate, is a partner with the Executive in foreign policy. Before the Lebanon landings, the Senate had followed Sparkman's and the Foreign Relations Committee's lead in unanimously proposing a permanent U.N. police force to cope with situations like Lebanon, but the Executive replied that "the cost would be too great." Later, the Senate acquiesced in the politics of the *fait accompli* on the grounds that "we must support the President."

Now, to bring the dilemma up to date: the President and Chairman Green of the committee cannot agree upon the latitude which the Formosa Resolution gives the Chief Executive. There are those who argue that the Executive, because of its superior information and *expertise* in foreign affairs, should enjoy a complete monopoly in this field. They say Congressional government is suited only to domestic matters. Others would make the Senate a junior partner, supplying helpful ideas or modifications in the process of implementing executive policy, so that the Senate could be in "on the take-offs as well as the crash landings."

Since 1816, when it was the "first-born" of the standing committees, the Foreign Relations Committee's influence on policy has been seismographic, ranging from times of little or no influence to periods when it has pushed Presidents around and bullied Secretaries of State. In the main, its influence has depended largely on itself.

Today's committee certainly would not tolerate a Secretary of State with the cavalier attitude of a John Hay, who sometimes declined invitations to appear before it. Nor could the Executive, in our delicate times, abide a committee chairman like William E. Borah, whose high-handed practices included an occasion when he actually ignored the State Department and dealt directly, as a "second secretary of state," with a foreign government.

Sensitized to the gravity of our times, today's chairman and committee would not confront the Administration with sudden Senate passage of a resolution to recognize the government of Red China. Yet in 1896 the committee created a Constitutional crisis when it called for recognition of "the independence of the Republic of Cuba." But by the same token, today's Senate would not do what a previous Senate did in 1871: remove the chairman (then Charles Sumner) of the committee because of his open, vehement opposition to the Executive's policies (in Sumner's case, toward Great Britain).

History shows that the most usual pattern is one of mutual respect and deference between the Executive and the committee. President McKinley began the practice of appointing committee members to international

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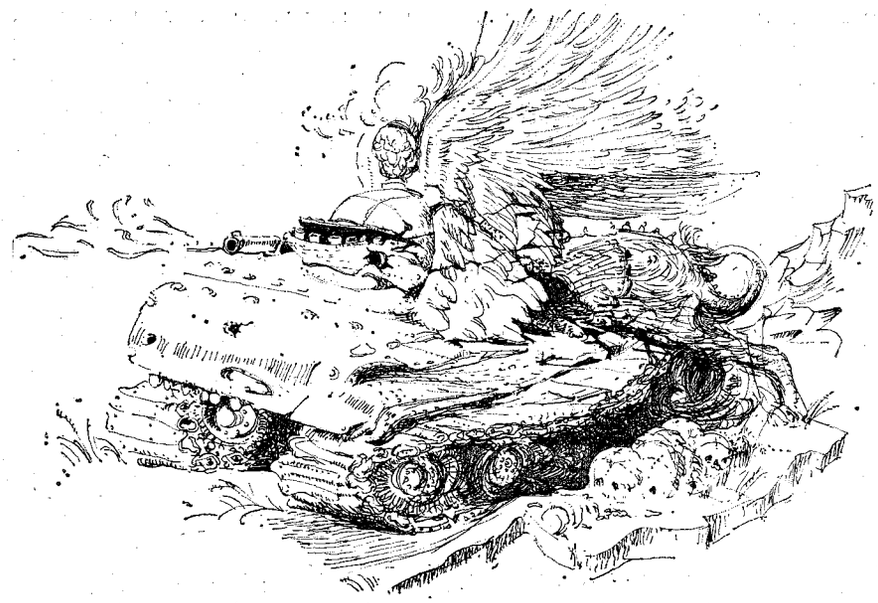
commissions and conferences. Close, friendly relations between the Secretary of State and the chairman have made the job of the Secretary easier and increased the power of the chairman. Arthur Vandenberg and Walter George, as chairmen, were loyal friends of the State Department. Senator George was able, by his great prestige, to restrain several of the "Young Turks" on the committee from creating serious opposition to the Formosa Resolution.

When foreign policy was formed by George and Dulles over coffee at the Mayflower Hotel, the official and formal institutional checks, be they good or bad, were set aside. Perhaps such informal decision-making may help explain the paralysis of the committee, of which Senator Brian McMahon once complained that "in the years between '47 and '49 there was not a single, solitary suggestion made for the formulation of policy, change of policy, or disagreement of policy [on China] by any member" at any of its executive sessions.

IN THE CASE of the landings in Lebanon, not even Chairman Green was advised of the intended action. Nevertheless, the Senator loyally, if somewhat coolly, supported the Executive. It is small sop indeed for the Executive to offer the committee and the Senate post-crisis briefings. If the Executive wants "togetherness" in crises, it should consider sharing in the policy-making which precedes them — and which might avoid them.

Some Committee members suspect that the State Department has not dealt candidly with them. Senator Fulbright has said: "Generally speaking, we are put off with a simple description of the facts, which most of us can obtain from reading the newspapers. What our objectives are, and how we propose to achieve them, are not revealed by the Administration." Fulbright wrote, significantly, on July 3, 1958: "I do not know what our government policy is in Africa or the Middle East, and I have been unable to find out." Senator Mansfield says: "I do believe there is a tendency on the part of some officials in the State Department, consciously or unconsciously, to weave an air of mystery around our foreign relations in such a way as to lead some citizens to believe that only the 'experts' have the information or the judgment to know what courses of action are required." Senator Humphrey said of the Lebanese crisis: "I am sure the President has much more information than has any member of Congress, even though we have tried desperately to get information. I think members of the Foreign Relations Committee should have had more of the official information, and we should have had it earlier than we did."



"War," by Valdemar Nissen

The Department's claim to *expertise* would be more persuasive if it had a better record. Senator Humphrey expostulated: "Time after time Senators—and I was one of them—have predicted trouble in Iraq." Fulbright says: "Time after time I have found that what I have been reading in *The New York Times* is the very information which has been imparted to the committee in the utmost confidence by our highest officials." Perhaps the committee may simply be sharing the Executive's problem of getting good intelligence.

IT DOES SEEM that the personnel of the present Foreign Relations Committee is qualified to contribute to the development of our policy. Its members include three Phi Beta Kappas, a former Rhodes scholar, a publisher, a half-dozen lawyers, a Pulitzer Prize winner, two political scientists, an administrator of our World War I relief programs, and veterans of two world wars. The members, balanced in terms of sectional interests, have information, ability and a genuine concern about foreign affairs; in committee, they seldom vote along party lines. Many of them have made a genuine effort to enhance our foreign policy.

In April, 1950, the committee created a series of subcommittees, each designed to consult with the appropriate State Department division. But the decisive role of the chairman in Senatorial committees inhibits initiative at subcommittee level, even though many of the recent contributions of the Foreign Relations Committee are the result of its subcommittee system. Moreover, assignments to the subcommittees have shifted from Congress to Congress in response to changes in party control. Any current set of members is likely to lack the experience which would give them enough confidence and information to challenge State Department positions.

Senate organizational structure does not, of course, assign final decision to any committee; proposals must go before the entire Senate. But if the Foreign Relations Committee is overawed, or enveloped, by the experts of the State Department, how can ordinary Senators

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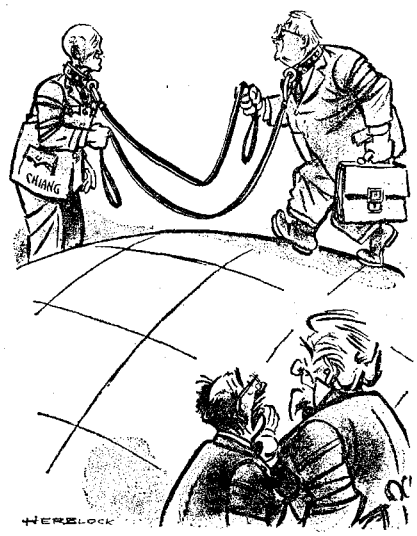
resist the committee's proposals, second-hand though they may be? In the 83rd Congress, with a single exception, every bill, treaty and nomination reported favorably by the committee was approved by the full Senate. This is not intended to suggest here that the decisions arrived at were wrong, but only that the elaborate arrangements for deliberation are largely frustrated in practice. Sharp, informed debate on foreign policy is seldom heard in the Senate Chamber nowadays. For instance, if there is a real question as to Congressional intent regarding the Formosa Resolution, it is Congress' fault for not engaging in full-scale debate in 1955 [see How Dulles Tricked Congress, by Senator Wayne Morse, *The Nation*, September 20].

A SENATE which would never *formally* surrender its prerogatives in the field of foreign relations may be silently surrendering them to circumstances. Year after year the Foreign Relations Committee's authorizations for mutual-security funds are often heavily cut, especially by the House Appropriations Committee, through what Senator Fulbright describes as "a negative influence, not particularly discriminating nor constructive." One of the reasons for this frustration is that the committee, though composed of influential Senators, recently has had only one member, Knowland, who was also on the Appropriations Committee. Of course, for one Senator to have two such plums in committee assignments is in many ways unfair. However, since committee members do not take the floor as a team to recoup in these appropriations battles, the problem recurs regularly.

Senate rules have scattered jurisdiction over matters directly affecting foreign policy among more than a half-dozen other Senate committees. A single decision by the Senate Finance Committee on reciprocal trade matters, or the Judiciary's role in the unfortunate Norman case, sometimes has more of an impact on our foreign policy than the actions of the Foreign Relations Committee. This is not to argue that the rules should be amended to give Foreign Relations all these reins, but rather to show the complexity of the problem even as it exists within the Senate itself.

The Senate, however, has given more attention to the delegation of power to the Executive than to the devolution of power to its own committees. The Bricker amendment was a futile attempt to reassert the authority of the Senate. Undoubtedly, the vogue of Executive agreements is another ominous step in the ousting of legislative participation on foreign policy. But the very Senators who supported the Bricker amendment supported the resolution on Formosa which, in effect, delegated to the President the Congressional power to make war. And no voice was raised loudly in protest when President Eisenhower, in an Executive agreement more far-reaching than any in history, committed us to the support of the decaying dynastic states of the Middle East. Clearly, the Senate lacks an orientation which will enable it to assert its prerogatives in foreign affairs.

This writer canvassed the members of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee on several questions. Six answered. Senators Langer, Mansfield and Sparkman thought that the current committee has "about the same" influence on foreign policy as earlier committees have had; Humphrey and Fulbright thought it has "less"; Aiken thought it has "more." Mansfield, Humphrey and Fulbright were dissatisfied with the present role of the committee; Langer was satisfied with "the size of the role but not the role itself." Asked the question: "Do you feel the delicacy and complexity of our times make it very difficult for committee members (especially the chairman) not to become 'Administration' men?" Langer, Aiken and Sparkman said "No," while Mansfield, Humphrey and Fulbright said "Yes." Humphrey and Fulbright also believed that committee members were "more at the mercy" of the experts from the Executive than were the members of other committees.



St. Louis Post-Dispatch

"Who's Going to Unleash Whom?"

Several members indicated a desire for an improvement in the quality of State Department briefings. Is it truly the case that information which passes before the eyes of a Grade-4 typist in CIA cannot be entrusted to Senators? Senators would like to be consulted in the planning phase, and have an uneasy feeling that one reason for this omission is that the Executive often has no plan to present. Senator Mansfield would like to see more debate in the full Senate —not the spontaneous colloquy which now characterizes the Senate's efforts in this area, but "formal speeches which would represent careful thought and exploration of issues of vital importance."

For over twenty years, confidence in the Executive has been the mainstay of administrative theory. Have we had, or can we obtain, an Executive equal to the multifarious demands, foreign and domestic? Senator Fulbright said on August 6: "It is easy . . . to prescribe a strong, farsighted Executive as the cure of our affliction. To fill that prescription is another matter. There is no corner drugstore to which this prescription can be taken. And I might add that if the prescription for our troubles involves any substantial change in the traditional Constitutional Congressional system, the patient will not swallow it."

All else aside, we are in no position to ignore possible injections of intelligence and wisdom into our foreign policy. The Senate Foreign Relations Committee affords a source largely untapped. If there is to be a renaissance in our foreign policy, the committee, under a strong chairman, could serve as a catalyst.

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BOOKS and the ARTS

The Unfinished History of Science

Frank Greenaway

IT IS strange to be moved by the death of a man you never saw. When George Sarton died at Harvard on March 22, 1956, I was not the only one who felt that time had gone by and there was unfinished work to do, reading and writing the history of science.

I first saw Sarton's name in footnotes. This was a long time before I realized that science was not just a matter of what someone did yesterday afternoon in a laboratory, but also what someone did a century, a millennium, a civilization ago.

Before the war, when I was an undergraduate, I picked up W. C. Dampier's book because it called itself *A History of Science and its Relations with Philosophy and Religion;* every student likes to think himself a polymath. Every now and again there occurred references to Sarton's *Introduction to the History of Science*, but I was reading casually and did not notice that these references dropped out after the fourteenth century.

After the war, I found myself suddenly committed to taking the history of science seriously; so remembering my student days I got Sarton's "Introduction" into my hands. I have seldom been so puzzled. When I sent in my library slip I had expected to receive a survey of an accepted body of knowledge covering science from the dim prehistoric beginnings of transmissible technology to the splendors of today. Sarton's five volumes in fact petered out in the fifteenth century, before Galileo, before Copernicus even. Here was a mass of bibliographical detail about Indians and Greeks and Arabs and early Medieval European writers—and nothing later. I could understand that any learned study might generate a minute scholarship, but that there should be so much detail about the history of science before 1500 was quite unexpected. After all, was not science a new thing, born in the seventeenth century and growing ever bigger and finer as it approached the mastery of the twentieth century? Was it possible that this opinion I had been raised in was, to say the least, over-simplified? Was there more to the study of the history of science than a naive belief in recent rapid progress? I hoped I was not too old to learn, so I submitted to the discipline of attending classes in the Department of the History of Philosophy of Science at University College, London (I had not previously dreamed that such a school could exist), hoping that I should discover the history of science and, incidentally, discover Sarton, who was beginning to represent something that had been missing from my knowledge of the world.

I found that George Sarton was born in 1884 in Ghent, Belgium, where he received his school and university education. At first he studied philosophy, but quickly turned to science in which he took his doctor's degree. But the life of the laboratory scientist did not satisfy him. He looked upon the results of the study of natural phenomena as only dry bones. To give them life one must study the life of science as lived by creative individuals, which means one must study history.

He set himself two tasks: to write a complete history of science, and to create a new journal devoted to the dissemination of views and researches on the history of science and its cultural influences. In the former aim he failed with a giant's failure; the task was too great and his mind too various to limit itself even to that one task. In the latter he succeeded brilliantly: he left behind him a worthy monument in *Isis*, the journal which was published first in Belgium but since the end of World War I from Harvard. For Sarton had to leave Belgium after the German invasion, arriving in New York in 1915. After some short-term teaching appointments he was made Research Associate of the Carnegie Institution of Washington. Later he also held a post as Lecturer on the History of Science at Harvard and was appointed Professor in September, 1940, but it was the Carnegie Institution appointment which principally supported his work.

IF SARTON felt towards the end of his life that his mission had been misunderstood, this is not surprising. His central belief was likely to affront humanist and scientist alike.

"The history of science is the only history which can illustrate the progress of mankind. In fact progress has no definite and unquestionable meaning in other fields than the field of science." This statement is as uncongenial to the dogmatic materialist as it is to the metaphysical moralist. To understand mankind, it says to the man who wants a rigid system of ready-made beliefs, one must learn the virtue of doubt. To estimate your own strength, it says to those scientists who boast of standing always on the frontier, you must look back to see where other pioneers made a trail for you.

Where Sarton failed was in not seeing where the point of balance lay between learning and teaching. He thought of himself as a world-teacher, but he took such delight in filling in his own ignorance that he forgot, until it was too late, his duty to the ignorance of others — so as he learned more and more detail about the science of the Middle Ages, his "Introduction" went more slowly over the ground. The less detailed handbook which would have been so valuable when it entered the field of modern science never got

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written. Sarton realized eventually that he had neglected to provide students with the textbook which he alone had the erudition to write, and set about a simpler, narrative history based on his lecture courses. One volume has appeared, one is in the press. The period covered by the two reaches only to the fall of Rome. Had this sample never appeared we should not have known what we had missed. All we can say now in the face of this wise, exuberant, scholarly scrap, is that we have a duty to continue the work.

Many able writers, many of them able scientists, have tried their hand at popularizing science, yet anxiety about public ignorance persists. No amount of so-called "interpretation" of science will do any good in a society bewildered by incomprehensible forces, unless it is based on a continuous background held in common. The critic who tries to interpret a modern painter or poet in a magazine or newspaper reaching the educated public can expect all his interested readers to possess some minimum of artistic knowledge, some minimum of literacy. The scientist trying to write about science in the same magazine has no such assurance. Every piece of communication to the general educated public must begin at the beginning, which is not always the best place to begin if you want to get somewhere. The critic in whatever field is defeated if, by being pushed back always to the beginning, he is turned into a pedagogue. The common ground of science for all educated men has not been found. My belief is that it will eventually be found in the historical approach, particularly (but not, I claim, paradoxically) in dealing with the most recent science. But there is a great deal to be written yet.

There is no formula for writing history, political, constitutional, military or whatever, and I cannot give one for writing the history of science, but I know what I should like to have on my shelves at home for my growing children to read. First, a completion of dead Sarton's narrative history of science; then complete histories of the individual sciences. Then many biographies of scientists, by many writers, including a biographical encyclopedia. Essays on the general condition of science at every epoch up to the present day, and other essays on the relation of science to art, politics and the common life of all those epochs. Critical studies of great discoveries, great movements in science, honoring lesser men who added their undying little. Histories of the institutions which science has begotten: academies, publishing societies, university departments, industrial corporations, statutory bodies, laws. And I should like as many as possible of these books to be works of art, so that readers might be drawn to them for delight of language.

BUT I ARGUE in a circle. These works of science-historical art will not be written until there is an enthusiasm to write them, and how can that be generated unless the reader who is turning into a writer is taught by example?

We can make a start. The artistic passion of man created the studio, not the other way around. The scientific passion made the laboratory, but science is for and in everyone. Every man is to some extent an artist; every man is to some extent a scientist. If writers can be found who will write about whatever moves them without being self-conscious about scientific allusions, they will find response in the educated public who by making an effort to understand make all art and arts possible.

J. B. Conant, as President of Harvard, had the unhappy task of telling Sarton that there were no funds to launch an ambitious scheme of teaching the history of science. Yet Conant himself has shown with his book *On Understanding Science* and by his sponsorship of the "Harvard Case Histories in Experimental Science" that what a man has to reject as an administrator he may yet foster as a devotee and a scholar. This gives us not only encouragement but guidance for the scholar in lean years. But when there is support, greater things may be done. The generosity of Imperial Chemical Industries has enabled an editorial group headed by the *doyen* of English historians of science, Charles Singer, to commission and produce a new five-volume history of technology. This vast work matches Sarton's conceptions in scale even if it differs from them in manner. This is not indeed a work of pleasure to be enjoyed by the common reader, but an encyclopedic instrument to aid and encourage the scholars who will write the books which the common reader will be glad to possess. It is a curious thing that our great corporations have been generous both to the traditional arts and to scientific research, but that only in this one instance has one of them sustained that activity which brings scientific and humane studies together.

The I.C.I. project could be the beginning of a chain-reaction which would help to deepen scholarship, humanize science, and entertain the thoughtful many who ask for books which shall be of the times yet of lasting significance. The history of science has only just begun to be written and it can never be finished any more than the history of art or literature can be finished. The man who is to be the Macaulay (or perhaps the Maecenas) of the history of science may even now be reading Sarton's words:

> It is true that most men of letters and, I am sorry to add, not a few scientists, know science only by its material achievements, but ignore its spirit and see neither its internal beauty nor the beauty it extracts continually from the bosom of nature. Now I would say that to find in the works of science of the past, that which is not and cannot be superseded, is perhaps the most important part of our own quest. The true humanist must know the life of science as he knows the life of art and the life of religion.

Sarton hoped for the dawn of a New Humanism which should enlarge all our vision. If his hope is to be realized we must gain the confidence of the practical scientist that we believe as much in the permanent good of what he is doing now as in that of the scientific achievement of the past. If the modern scientist can be taught, at the same time as his non-scientific fellow-man, that historical criticism can make his science live in the heart as well as in the mind, George Sarton will not have failed after all.

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The Fallacy of Pity

REAPERS OF THE STORM. By Elizabeth Lyttleton and Herbert Sturz. Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 303 pp. $3.95.
SOUTH FROM GRANADA. By Gerald Brenan. Grove Press. 282 pp. $1.75.

Jane Stolle

PERHAPS it isn't fair to line up a "first book" on Spain with one by Gerald Brenan, that old Spanish hand. His *Spanish Labyrinth, Face of Spain* and *The Literature of the Spanish People* have already put this British scholar almost in a league apart. But the temptation persists because the juxtaposition forms a handy framework within which to state a few conclusions about Americans and British confronted by Spain. *South from Granada* and *Reapers of the Storm* are both about Southern Spain, and it doesn't matter that the first is non-fiction and the second a novel. Whatever the format, poverty is always the protagonist in that region.

The Americans — Lyttleton and Sturz — are horrified and made indignant by this poverty. They lived with it for a year, in a fisherman's hut in a village they called La Farola. Their friends were the starving fishermen, the weathered peasants, the small merchants of the stark village, and Lyttleton and Sturz suffered with them. The authors listened to, and retell for us, the villagers' tales of cruel personal vendettas climaxing in the internecine blood-letting of Spain's Civil War (1936-39), and still going on. The hopelessness of the poor under Franco's bureaucratic dictatorship is there, in black and white. But in their zeal to paint the wrong-doers black, and the wronged white, the writers let their indignant horror veil their understanding and artistry. They make monsters of the very people they claim to love. Your heart — as those of Lyttleton and Sturz — may ache for such hapless people, but it doesn't bleed for them. They are like battered puppets in a traveling Punch and Judy show. No human being could remain rational with so little joy in him as the authors of *Reapers of the Storm* saw in their friends.

Brenan heard the deep strains of mystic Moorish music behind the wails of his fellow villagers in Yegen. True, they were not as desperately poor as the folk of La Farola, because they were farmers and the land is sometimes less fickle than the sea; but degrees of poverty in Southern Spain are the difference between one hunk of bread or two. Also, Brenan is writing of his life in Yegen twenty years ago, just before the Civil War, but if his village has changed in twenty years, there are hundreds that haven't. Life was indeed real, and sometimes earnest, but the path often led — as on Midsummer Day — to the mountainside to look for wild cherries, as was the custom with lovers. Gloomy, hungry days were lit by the thought of gathering at night for "cante jondo" and clandestine flirtations. Brenan does not intimate that such goings-on are substitutes for a full stomach, but even those who cannot break the bread they need, must find other ways to make life bearable. The village feuds were bloody, petty officials vicious and corrupt. The townspeople of Yegen are no more morally or physically attractive than those of La Farola. But the reader believes in them. They are unfortunate people; they are both sinful and sinned against; they are real.

FRANCO has done nothing to eradicate the scars of the Civil War. He has, instead, scored them more deeply. But nothing or nobody has ever been able to destroy the Eastern gift of the Spaniards for living profoundly with life, of finding joy in what they have, while they strive and hope for more. *That* quality, British writers understand better than Americans. We can fall back on that cliché about Americans living a world apart because of their unique prosperity. It is difficult for them to understand the drives of a hungry country when they so quickly and successfully left their own hunger behind on the frontier. However, the whole reason for the American's failure of identification — well intentioned though he may be — which leads him to draw such black and white impossibilities from what he sees when transplanted, cannot be so simply stated. One admission the American himself would be the first to make is that he is not *used* to being — as he feels — an "Innocent Abroad." The British have been roaming the world a long time, in the name of duty and the service of the Empire, and their well-developed sense of shadings comes naturally. (In simple Spanish, the word for "foreigner" is *ingles* — Englishman.)

What is more, the English were getting about in days when, if the traveler and colonist didn't actually wear a dinner jacket at supper in the midst of a jungle, he at least wore it on his mind. "They" were they, and "we" were we. This somewhat withdrawn position of the Englishman in foreign places may be offensive to our sense of democracy and justice, but it saved him from the blinding error of "over-identification" with his erstwhile neighbors and their problems. He was able thus to see a mud hut in terms of what it meant to its owner, not in terms of how it felt to share it. He would never have thought to share it. His judgment of the natives was not confused by an attempt to assume emotions that were not generic to him. The simple admission that people differed from one another left him free to look at them in context — not as underprivileged and displaced Englishmen.

We — God bless us — move right in with the family. In our hurry to catch up with the British, we not only do not waste time on dinner jackets, we tear at our own clothes. We feel the beggar's sores on *our* limbs and draw from them conclusions of horror that would make him stare. Our motivations are good, but our vision is distorted.

TO finish with the subject of American and British writers — I think the British win, for now. This conclusion is not based solely on Brenan's and Lyttleton and Sturz's treatment of Spain. Brenan was preceded by the understanding hearts of George Borrow, Richard Ford and Havelock Ellis — among others — in the last century. They lived closely with the Spaniards, and let them live, too, in their own way. Washington Irving is the American authority, before the Spanish Civil War when the Republican cause sparked books containing more passion than reality. English George Orwell's *Homage to Catalonia* (1939) — a eulogy to the Republican cause, willfully lost from the beginning largely through factionalism, he says — is more *simpatico* than Hemingway's *For Whom the Bell Tolls* to the few Spaniards who have read the two books.

"That's the way we are," they say. "Orwell knows our faults as well as our virtues. . . . It is good to be loved for what one is."

We have inherited the earth — it is said — in parlous times. It isn't easy nowadays to tell a native from a future delegate to the United Nations. But it would be comforting to think, as we sit beside him at a conference table, that we had some sort of British balance in our approach to him — that we had time to learn it through experience.

JANE STOLLE has written for The New York Post *from Mexico, for the* Irish Independent *of Dublin from Rome, and has been a free-lance and subsequently staff writer for* The New York Times. *She lived and worked in Spain from 1951 until 1956.*

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'Have You Got a Story?'

ANECDOTES OF DESTINY. By Isak Dinesen. Random House. 244 pp. $3.75.

Jean Martin

ANECDOTES OF DESTINY contains five new examples of Isak Dinesen's peculiar art. As stories they are mysteriously unlike anything being written today, while the author herself has become a kind of Greta Garbo of belles-lettres. The *Anecdotes* is more asymmetrical, wilder and thinner than her previous *Seven Gothic Tales*, *Winter's Tales* and *Last Tales*, but the style is still similar to that in which the Madwoman of Chaillot might have written had she been sane and a writer. When Isak Dinesen puts on her thinking cap it is apparent that it has got a wimple on it.

She has always been a puzzle. Her first book, *Seven Gothic Tales*, aroused much speculation as to how such beautiful, complex, archaic prose came to be written in this day and age. Her second book, *Out of Africa*, while it revealed that Isak Dinesen was in reality the Danish Baroness Blixen, did not do much to explain the tales, being in itself another isolated literary phenomenon, but of a different sort altogether.

Out of Africa was that rare book to which the word "magical" may be attached. The prose was plainly noble, and she described the exterior landscape of Africa as though it were the interior of her being. The writer "came through her copy," then, although she has not been seen since. A kind of secret *Out of Africa* Club grew up, and little references to the book still crop up among its more literary members. Hemingway on receiving the Nobel Prize muttered that it might perhaps better have gone to Isak Dinesen; in J. D. Salinger's *Catcher in the Rye*, the excrutiatingly discriminating Holden Caulfield says, "This book I was reading was this book I took out of the library by mistake. They gave me the wrong book, and I didn't notice it till I got back to my room. They gave me *Out of Africa* by Isak Dinesen. I thought it was going to stink but it didn't. It was a very good book."

But if *Out of Africa* bears little relation to the tales, it does contain a description of how she began to write them. At a time when things were going badly on the coffee farm and she was wild with fear of losing it, Isak Dinesen says:

> I began in the evening to write stories, fairy-tales and romances, that would take my mind a long way off, to other countries and times. . . . I had been telling some of the stories to a friend when he came to stay on the farm. . . . Denys had a trait of character which to me was very precious, he liked to hear a story told. For I have always thought that I might have cut a figure at the time of the plague of Florence. Fashions have changed, and the art of listening to a narrative has been lost in Europe. The natives of Africa, who cannot read, have still got it; if you begin to them: "There was a man who walked out on the plain, and there he met another man," you have them all with you. . . . White people . . . cannot listen to a recital. . . . Denys, when he came to the farm would ask: "Have you got a story?"

It is this same mesmeric art of storytelling that Isak Dinesen has been practicing ever since. It is a highly specialized art. If, in picking up *Anecdotes of Destiny*, you expect the conventional short story, you will be disappointed, perhaps taken aback. For to some extent, it resists reading. In her previous book, *Last Tales*, Isak Dinesen explains something of what a tale is *not*. "I see, today," says a cardinal to a lady, "a new art of narration, a novel literature and category of belles-lettres, dawning upon the world. . . .It has gained great favor amongst the readers of our time. And this new art and literature — for the sake of the individual characters in the story, and in order to keep close to them and not be afraid — will be ready to sacrifice the story itself. The individuals of the new books and novels . . . are so close to the reader that he will feel a bodily warmth flowing from them. . . ."

Isak Dinesen's coldly aristocratic art offers no such easy consolations for the reader, and she is not afraid of the story. Where the writer of the short story draws back from introducing anything supernatural or unbelievable, Isak Dinesen has been known to turn an old lady into a monkey, or let a young lady fly off a cliff. For a tale does not ask you to believe or even to feel — it merely requires that you be passionately interested in finding out what happens next. The people are frankly imaginary, and it all happened long, long ago in a

JEAN MARTIN, who lives in Chicago, is here making her first appearance in a national magazine.

HOWARD FAST'S
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SPARTACUS was a third-generation slave, a gladiator trained to fight for his life while the gilded youth and sated Roman aristocrats watched in lustful glee.

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world where, "The lady of the house was adorned for a ball by the light of multitudinous candles; her husband came in to fetch her with a star on his breast, while the carriage and pair waited in the street. . . ."

Anecdotes of Destiny is about people from this elegant other-world, on their way to meet their destinies. The second story, called "Babette's Feast," ends with a cry of anguish: "It is terrible and unbearable to an artist, to be encouraged to do, to be applauded for doing, his second best. . . . Through all the world there goes one long cry from the heart of the artist: Give me leave to do my utmost!" So says Babette, who is a cook.

Isak Dinesen has never done less than her utmost, has never settled for second best, and has had the wisdom to stick to what she does superbly well. In *Anecdotes of Destiny* there are five well-nigh perfectly told tales, but a tale cannot and in fact, will not, be any more concrete, topical, or psychological than "Once upon a time. . . ."

all of us in a room together. Not all of us would want to go."

The all-night cats from the character side of town who open the book, who walk and wander, make love and music, dance and drink, seem infinitely more knowledgeable about love and music, come more alive, than do those cardboard kittens currently served up as representing the generation called beat.

One Walt Gamel is the narrator of this Cornelia Street Spoon River, that succeeds by humor and warmth. In *The Journey* the narration shifts from first person to third, and we really miss Gamel. This second piece is a Mexican travelogue with Hemingway overtones, concerning Paul Marrane. Marrane is a thinner man than Gamel, and has to press to find something to say.

In *The Time and the Place* Marrane evolves into one of those brittle boys who wander through *The New Yorker* in a progression that goes on and on, always promising yet never fulfilling.

"He went upstairs,"—in one passage that entitles the story to be called *By Love Unpossessed*—"intent on the rape of his wife because he felt in himself the necessity to prove himself male. . . . She waited for him upstairs because she feared his attachment to another woman and there was only one way to demonstrate she wasn't his housekeeper." I think they could have worked this whole thing out downstairs, with their clothes on.

Yet it provides an explanation of why Marrane, lying awake beside his sleeping wife, realizes at last, "There was nothing to tell Louise, and nothing for her to tell him. There was only something not to tell, and a period of time to be gone through."

Which leaves us with the curious paradox of the insider, safe in his tribal nest at last, feeling himself strangely more isolated than he did in his cave in the Cornelia Street wilderness that had once held so much warmth.

Passion or Piety

WHERE WE WENT. Three Novels by Robert Paul Smith. The Viking Press. 338 pp. $3.95.

Nelson Algren

ROBERT PAUL SMITH, author of *Where Did You Go?* etc., has combined here three earlier books, *So It Doesn't Whistle, The Journey, The Time and the Place.* These sketches are misleadingly billed as novels, but they do show not only where Mr. Smith went, but where a multitude of other Americans have gone as well. Without conscious intention he reveals the route traveled, in the past decade, from Bohemia to suburbia; from passion to piety; hipster to square; Kenneth Fearing to James Gould Cozzens; defiance to deference. It is another version of what happened to Mehitabel when she took Archie's advice. It is what happened to a generation that bartered its viscera for a Charvet tie.

"Once upon a time, put us all in a room until the beer ran out," *So It Doesn't Whistle* begins, "and in that room would be a thing none of us could create alone — a general warmth and understanding, a flexible and violent affection. . . . But now, you couldn't put

NELSON ALGREN is the author of The Man With the Golden Arm *and* A Walk on the Wild Side.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

AT THE outset of this still young and somewhat laggard season I must confess that I prefer to be strict with plays I respect rather than sharp with those about which I am indifferent. One should contend only with strength.

However, a number of shows require mention if only because they may attract many playgoers. James Forsyth's *Héloise* (Gate Theatre) is an intelligently presented play on the fascinating subject of Héloise and Abelard. It is neatly written in lean prose—the cast and scenic scheme preserve this quality—and it presents what one might neutrally call a "liberal" viewpoint: that the truth of religion is in the vital matter of human experience, which includes both the passion of love and the objectives of science. I can say little more than this because the elements I have listed do not add up to a creative sum that might render the play either moving or memorable. It only made me wish to read more on the subject.

Goldilocks (Lunt-Fontanne), written by Walter and Jean Kerr, is a musical to which many gifted people have contributed without achieving special distinction. It is about the early movie-makers, yet one is left with no real or even pretty sense of the old days, and its contemporary note is not brilliant. There are some funny derisive lines; a witty number is devised by Agnes de Mille and charmingly danced by Pat Stanley around the song "Lady in Waiting"; Castille has designed a few successfully satirical costumes—but no generative concept informs the evening.

I am also reluctant to speak of Harry Kurnitz's *Once More With Feeling* (National) and Samuel Taylor's *The Pleasure of His Company* (Longacre)—with Cornelia Otis Skinner as co-author and actor. They are sure to draw large audiences, but they suffer from a sin to which I am not drawn. Both are plays in which dialogue is not only more important than anything else, but in which the text is really not dialogue at all but smart talk unrelated either to character or to some creative characteristic. Thus while one laughs—for both authors have the knack of the bright comeback—one is left vacant of spirit. A string of jokes is not necessarily fun.

I laughed more at the Kurnitz play—this is merely a personal reaction—but Taylor's is much more of a constructed play, more suave in tone and probably broader in appeal. *Once More With Feeling* is about a temperamental orchestral conductor and the shenanigans of the music business; it follows the Kaufman-Hart tradition but is not as good. *The Pleasure of His Company* describes the return after years abroad of a flighty playboy who arrives on the occasion of his daughter's marriage only to stimu-

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late and disturb everyone with his charm for charm's sake. It is in the manner of Philip Barry and again not as good. The latter play is aptly directed by Cyril Ritchard who appears in the central role. Both plays offer entertaining performances: Walter Matthau, Ralph Bunker, Arlene Francis in one; the whole company but particularly Miss Skinner, Charles Ruggles and George Peppard in the other.

MY PREFERENCE among the season's early offerings is for plays which may not be seen by the majority of "regular" theatregoers: the Phoenix production of T. S. Eliot's *The Family Reunion* (written some ten years ago but never professionally performed here), which was coldly received by the press; and the repertory of the *Théâtre National Populaire* which is French but apparently not fashionable.

It is easy to spot what is "wrong" with *The Family Reunion*: its plot line does not sufficiently correspond to or embody its theme. The plot has to do with a young Englishman who may have desired or committed the murder of his unbearable wife. The theme has two branches: it relates to the guilt of being man, apart from any specific wickedness (original sin); and to the hope of salvation, not by evading the "furies," but by pursuing and facing them because they are of the very essence of the human condition.

The play then is nebulous as drama, but it has the virtue of being the expression of a real person with a fine stylistic signature. How crisp, skeletally pure and delicately musical is the ruminative melancholy of Eliot's speech. In the presence of such a play—directed by Stuart Vaughn with admirable intelligence and theatrical understanding of Eliot's dramatic mode—one feels oneself an adult again in the theatre and confronted by a man worth a quarrel.

What is my quarrel with Eliot here? It is a double one and relates to the inherent content and attitude of his play. *The Family Reunion* betrays a constant and all-pervading discomfort with the business of living, or to use Eliot's word, the "filthiness" of existence. The hero—like the author himself before his "conversion"—is given to loathing as others are to loving.

This objection may be said to represent little more than a difference of temperaments. My personal bent should not serve as an artistic criterion. The deeper flaw I find is a lack of true pathos—a quality which emerges only when the stuff of life, however abhorrent, is present in a work of art. Chekhov's characters are frequently fools, louts, fumblers, but he gives us a sense of intimate connection with them and makes us discover even in their wounds and fatuity some element of the universally true. In his play Eliot does not seem to have contact with anything but books, ideas and other works of art. His characters at best are witty caricatures. His world is at several removes from life itself, and though it may stink in his nostrils, what we detect is only the ambiguous aroma of decaying documents and moldy screeds. Transcendence (salvation) is not achieved in Eliot's play through a struggle with and beyond the muck and anguish of life: it is chiefly acquired through a graciously diffident and ironic bowing out from the boredom of polite society.

Along with praise for the director, we must compliment the rightness of Norris Houghton's setting, Will Armstrong's costumes and lighting and an excellent cast headed by Florence Reed, Lillian Gish and Fritz Weaver—all of whom speak with exceptional clarity and lucid thought.

I hope at another time to say more about *Théâtre National Populaire*. The actors who compose its company are good-looking, thoroughly disciplined, impeccable in diction. They wear their beautiful costumes as if to the manner born and demonstrate the dignity of people devoted to a fine task—the interpretation of national (French) classics in a simple but strikingly impressive way. There are no stars as far as this organization is concerned, but the company includes Gérard Philipe, an actor no one should miss seeing. As for the two plays I attended—Musset's *Lorenzaccio* and Hugo's *Marie Tudor*—they are much more and much better than the fustian that at first glance they might seem.

MUSIC

Lester Trimble

THE New York City Opera Company, under the directorship of Julius Rudel, continues to provide the most interesting and balanced operatic bill-of-fare in New York. This fall it has offered, in addition to a full range of standard repertory pieces, the United States première of Richard Strauss's *The Silent Woman;* a new production of Britten's *The Rape of Lucretia*; it has wisely retained two American operas which were successful in previous seasons: Douglas Moore's *The Ballad of Baby Doe* and Carlyle Floyd's *Susannah*. The old repertory faithfuls have been re-viewed, many of them with such intellingence that they display, despite the modest physical productions which are all the company can afford, some refinements which one misses even at the Metropolitan. In a recent performance of *Carmen*, for instance, the French text was enunciated with more style and purity than I would have imagined possible in an American opera house. It was unfortunately true, in that performance, that *les soldats* on-stage seemed unable to make even an about-face without tottering, and that could hardly be excused on grounds of economy. But from a musical and linguistic point of view, the City Center's *Carmen* had many solid virtues.

Both of the new productions were eminently worth mounting, though neither would fit into the top rank of operatic composition. *The Silent Woman,* adapted from Ben Jonson, presents a routine story of an old, rich, retired admiral who has a pathological fear of

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noise (his eardrums have been shattered in a farcical sea battle). He is persuaded by his barber to marry a silent woman. A nephew, coveting his inheritance, conspires against the idea; there is much noise. That is the story. Strauss, true to form, keeps his orchestra roiling about and blatting out flatulent effects to the point where one both sympathizes with the admiral and wants to get away from the tuba. The score is excessive, and somewhat vulgar as well. But, even if second-rate Strauss, it contains many measures of convincing, even touching, music.

BRITTEN's *The Rape of Lucretia* is afflicted with that composer's usual impediment to real stature—the thinness of his music—plus a failure to evoke the complex substance of his tragic characters. I do not think the fact that the work was originally conceived as a chamber opera, nor that much of the story is carried by a two-person "chorus" which moves in and out of the action, can explain the opera's dramatic speciousness. It seems to me that both the composer and his poet-librettist, Ronald Duncan, were fascinated by the character of Tarquinius and the idea of a rape on stage, and then were unable to cope with the rugged character and situation they had invoked. Like a number of other contemporary operas which try to continue the blood and thunder intensity of the Italian Romantic tradition into the present period, *The Rape of Lucretia* forces us to witness every horror with our own eyes. Nothing, but nothing, happens offstage. We must *watch* the rape, we must *see* Lucretia thrust the dagger into her belly. But then, having been forcible party to such distasteful proceedings, we are denied the amelioration which full character-revelation might provide. We do not really understand Tarquinius, nor Lucretia, nor her husband, Collatinus. And when Lucretia kills herself before the very eyes of this husband he, poor man, must stand around like a lump, for the composer and librettist have given him nothing to sing. His wife lies on the floor like a sack of potatoes, and that's the end of that. A little prattling of pseudo-Christianity tells us the why and wherefore of it all.

But if *The Rape of Lucretia* does not fulfill the possibilities of its story and characters, Britten and Duncan have nevertheless displayed much cleverness in its construction. The chorus, as a frank and respectable artifice, is efficient in covering large areas of time and space. The opera stages handsomely, too. The first-act scenes in the army camp, when Tarquinius is goaded into his assault upon Lucretia and, later, in Lucretia's house, when he and the assembled company sing an intricate and amusing ensemble number saying simply "goodnight," are splendidly theatrical. But when the plot calls for real character insight, then cleverness and stylishness cannot suffice. Nor can I refrain from saying that I was simply embarrassed by a scene in which, on the morning after their mistress had been raped, the ladies of the household engage in flower-arranging, while singing an appropriately cloying text. I am willing to believe that such a scene could perhaps take place in an English country house. But in Rome: 500 B.C.?

The City Center's production was, to my mind, thoroughly admirable. Julius Rudel, who conducted, had expanded the orchestra so that the piece was lifted from a "chamber" category to one of full-scale opera. Its performance was clean, clear and musical both on stage and in the pit. John Daggett Howell, who was making his debut as stage director, did a smooth and imaginative job, if one passes by an occasional gaucherie. The sets and costumes by Andreas Nomikos were attractive and sometimes even hinted of opulence.

THE General Assembly chamber of the United Nations was the scene of a deeply moving concert on United Nations Day, celebrating the thirteenth birthday of the international organization's charter. Pablo Casals, recognized as perhaps the greatest 'cellist of our epoch, broke a self-imposed rule of twenty years' standing—that he would not play in the continental United States because of Washington's recognition of the Franco regime—to appear on this occasion at the international enclave on the East River. In many years of voluntary exile from Spain, Casals has continued to represent the noblest and most sincere traditions of his art. His summer festivals in Perpignan, just over the Spanish border in France, were a mecca for musicians devoted to the spiritual values in music. His festivals in San Juan, Puerto Rico, transferred that mecca to the Western Hemisphere. But, since 1928, Casals had not been heard on the American mainland. This concert, therefore, on which he played, with Mieczyslaw Horszowski, the profoundly beautiful Bach D Major Sonata, No. 2, and a little Catalan folksong, the *Song of the Birds,* which has become his personal symbol of resistance, could not fail to stir the hearts of everyone who believes in the moral and ethical values for which Casals is himself a symbol. He played because, as he stated, the influence of the United Nations for peace takes precedence today over all other considerations, and the gesture carried enormous force.

Casals' aesthetic values, it has always seemed to me, were a direct reflection of his human ones, a continuation of them into the realm of music. Some people were amazed that at eighty-one he sounded just as strong, as virile and as expressively fine as he always had. I was not, for the plainness, the almost brusque richness and firmness of his 'cello tone seem a direct expression of the unadorned firmness in his nature. That kind of tone, and his brand of musicianship, do not grow weak with age any more than such moral vigor as Casals possesses can ever fail.

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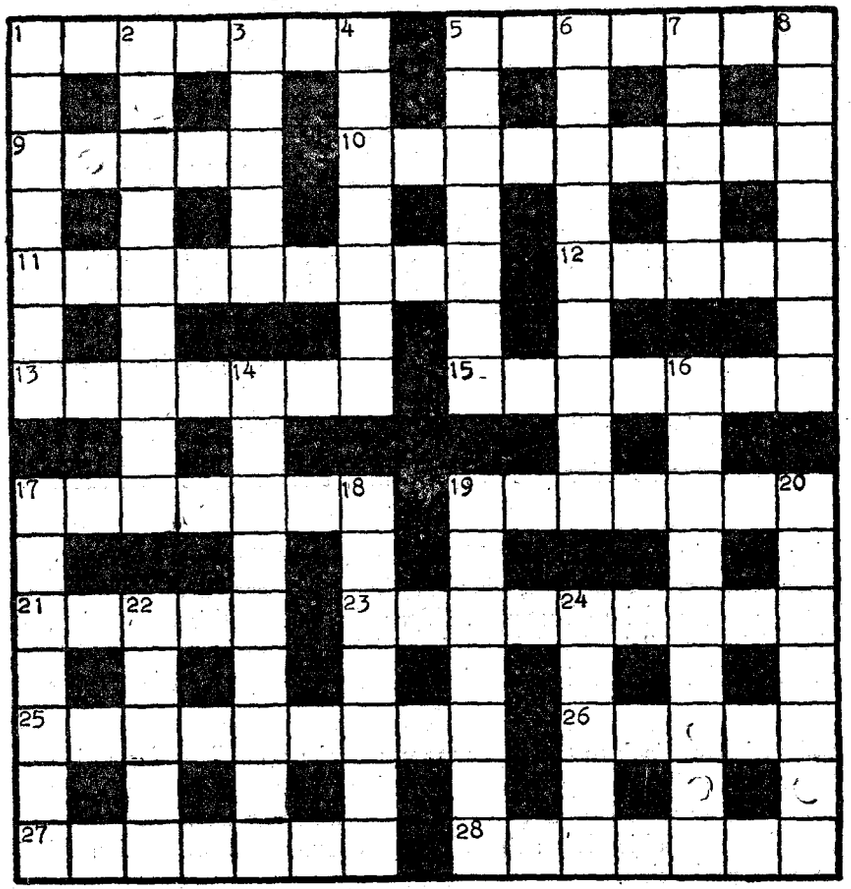
Crossword Puzzle No. 793

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 and 7 down Looking for something in the cutlery line for the outdoors type? (7,5)
5 Strangely enough, the safe type breaks the law. (7)
9 Fungus or elm. (5)
10 Next to Rio, this might appear one of the most unpleasant of plots. (9)
11 One place to hold something if you want light results, but don't do it to a boxer. (9)
12 A definite sign of shortness. (5)
13, 21, 24 and 22 What did they swear to do wrong? Right! (7,2,3,5,5)
15 Are such answers found in the laboratory? (7)
17 Not a particular part of the Thallogen era long ago. (7)
19 What one might try to do with old books and lost manuscripts. (7)
21 See 13 across
23 Confines things with an exact center. (9)
25 This sort of beach used to be associated with brawls. (9)
26 It's not quite polite to imply the old town has prohibition. (5)
27 Took part in a gathering of the left. (7)
28 Rather melancholy studies? (7)

DOWN:

1 Deadly way to keep the border safe? (7)
2 Might be wearing on Leif Ericson, for example. (9)
3 Personally hard-hitting statement of religion. (5)
4 In certain quarters, the togs need tailoring. (7)
5 The part of the battery connected with the receiver. (7)
6 A jumper might be made into a Carib coat. (9)
7 See 1 across
8 Table scarves used for messengers? (7)
14 Parti-colored. (9)
16 Turn over on the line. (It's easy to recall such things.) (9)
17 With nothing lost, a tribute to Rover is well-balanced. (4,3)
18 Made a motion the Temperance League might not approve. (7)
19 Doesn't behave as a conductor should. (7)
20 Certainly doesn't approve of nesters. (7)
22 and 24 See 13 across

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 792

ACROSS: 1 Beat generation; 9 Awnings; 10 Politer; 11 Kittredge; 12 Pluto; 13 Absolve; 15 Epochal; 16 Tariffs; 18 Therein; 20 Indri; 21 Encounter; 23 Gittern; 24 Inboard; 25 Cross reference. DOWN: 1 Blank cartridge; 2 Agnates; 3 General officers; 4 Nosed; 5 Represent; 6 Telephone number; 7 Outrush; 8 Brooklyn Bridge; 14 Easterner; 17 Red star; 19 Entrain; 22 Chief.

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Legion Chief Assails 'Smear' of J. E. Hoover

Washington, Oct. 27 (AP)—Preston J. Moore, national commander of the American Legion, charged today a deliberate smear campaign had been launched against the FBI

—*N. Y. Post, October 27*

The following is the gist of a telephone call made on Monday, October 27, by the Washington bureau of the Associated Press to Carey McWilliams, editor of The Nation:

Associated Press: I think you ought to know, Mr. McWilliams, that Preston J. Moore, National Commander of the American Legion, has just charged that a deliberate smear campaign has been launched against the FBI and its director, J. Edgar Hoover. In this connection, he mentioned the article entitled "The FBI," by Fred J. Cook, which you ran in your October 18 issue, and the fact that the New York *Post* now has a series on the FBI in preparation. Have you any comment?

Mr. McWilliams: We assigned Mr. Cook to this story many months ago. The information you've just given me is the first we've had that any other publication had plans to do a story on the same subject. We do not consider that Mr. Cook's article was a smear; he was assigned to write, and we believe he has written, an objective and carefully documented evaluation of the work of the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

Following this telephone conversation, the Associated Press put out a dispatch which was published by many newspapers, including the Post *(see headline above).*

* * *

Scores of *The Nation's* subscribers believe that Mr. Cook's article, which takes up the whole of a special 64-page issue, is one of the outstanding reportorial jobs of the year, and many urge it as required reading for every thoughtful American (see Letters column, inside the front cover of this issue). For this reason, we are making bulk copies available at savings which *begin* at 50 per cent.

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